

The Charleston Advocate.

"As ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them."

VOL. 2. NO. 43.

CHARLESTON, S. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

WHOLE NO. 88.

The Charleston Advocate,
A RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY NEWSPAPER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
A. WEBSTER.

101 FULTON ST., 100 MURKIN'S STREET,
(One door North of Calhoun.)

For All Licensed Preachers of the Methodist Church,
whether traveling or local, are our authorized Agents.

For terms of subscription and rates of advertising, see inside.

For the Charleston Advocate,
Randolph.

By R. H. WILLOUGHBY.

O'er fallen slain—
The martyr'd dead.
I have welcomed thy undaunted soul;
Thy name will evermore be read.
On Freedom's blood illumined scroll;

Humble as was thy brief career,
It held a promise proud and fair;
And Freedom's grief and Friendship's tear
Thy manhood and thy worth declare.

They could not brook the words of fire
That fell, Truth-prompted, from thy tongue;
Fit followers of the parent Liar,
Their false hearts by those words were stung.

Roused by thy language true and strong,
They felt its power and feared its sway,
Their craven souls, in league with Wrong,
Its murderous mandates must obey.

They dared not meet thee face to face
Like men who seek a quenched fire;
But found the coward's skulking place,
And did their deed of murder there.

O'hoistful land of chivalry!
Are these the deeds that feed thy pride?
Are Truth and Mercy fled from thee?
And crime and falsehood defiled?

Murder still abides thy name,
And coward deeds thy sons disgrace;
Just Justice hide her head in shame,
And Freedom fear to show her face.

Degenerate race! the wrath of God
Sleeps not forever; oh, beware!—
The martyr's blood that stains your soil,
May yet rouse Vengeance to its hair.

Still is the voice that waked your fears,
The heart ye hated throbs no more;
But while we steep his grave in tears,
His cause is dearer than before.

Storming of Fort Wagner.

ANNA DICKINSON, in her new book, "What Answer?" published by Ticknor & Fields, thus tells the story of the famous assault of the colored troops upon Fort Wagner, under the lead of the gallant Colonel Shaw. As the negro hero first proved, beyond all question, his capacity as a soldier, the nation will always possess a special significance. Miss D. pictures the scene with her well-known skill and fidelity to truth:

This tale took place late in the afternoon, near the headquarters of the commanding general; and the men directly scattered to prepare for the work of the evening; some to clean a bayonet, or polish up a rifle; others to chat and laugh over the chances and to lay plans for the invasion—the negroes which was for them never to dawn on earth; and yet others to sit down in their tents and write letters to the dear ones at home, making what might they knew be a final farewells—for the fight impending was to be a fierce one—or to read a chapter in a little book carried from some quiet roadside, balancing accounts per chance in anticipation of the call of the Great Captain to come up higher.

Through the whole afternoon there had been a tremendous cannonading of the fort from the gunboats and the land tows; the smooth, regular engineer lines were broken, and trellis-saddled embankments torn and roughened by the unceasing rain of shot and shell.

About six o'clock there came moving up the island, over the burning sand and under the burning sky, a stalwart, splashed appearing set of men, who looked equal to any daring, and capable of any heroism; men whom nothing could daunt, and less things subdue. Now weary, travel-stained, with the mire and the rain of two days' tramp; weakened by the incessant strain and lack of food, having taken nothing for forty-eight hours, save some crackers and cold coffee; with gaps in their ranks made by the death of comrades who had fallen in battle but a little time before; under all these disadvantages, it was plain to be seen of what stuff these men were made, and for what work they were ready.

As this regiment, the famous Fifty-fourth, came up the island to take its place at the head of the storming party in the assault on Wagner, it was cheered on all sides by the white soldiers, who recognized and honored the heroism which it had already shown, and of which it was soon to give such new and sublime proof.

The evening, or rather the afternoon, was a burd and sultry one. Great masses of clouds, heavy and black, were piled in the western sky, fringed here and there by an angry red, and torn by vivid streams of lightning. Not a breath of wind shook the leaves or stirred the high, rank grass on the hillocks of sand; a portentous and awful stillness filled the air—the stillness felt by man before a devastating storm. Quiet, with the like awful and portentous calm, the black regiment, headed by its young, fair-haired, knightly colonel, marched to the despatch place and action.

When within about six hundred yards of the fort it was halted at the head of the regiments already stationed, and the line of battle formed. The prospect was such as might daunt the courage of old and tried veterans; but these soldiers of a few weeks seemed only impatient to take the odds, and to make light of impossibilities. A slightly rising ground, raked by a murderous fire, to within a little distance of the battery; a ditch hold-

ing three feet of water; a straight line of parapet, thirty feet high; an impregnable position, held by a desperate and invincible foe.

Here the men were addressed in a few brief and burning words by their heroic commander; here they were besought to glorify their whole race by the lustre of their deeds; here their faces shone with a look which said, "Though men, we are ready to do deeds, to achieve triumphs, worthy the gods!" here the word of command was given:

"We are ordered and expected to take Battery Wagner at the point of the bayonet. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, Sir! ready!" was the answer. And the order went pealing down the line, "Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double-quick, march!" and as they went, under a scattering fire, in one compact line till within one hundred feet of the fort, when the storm of death broke upon them. Every gun belched forth its great shot and shell; every rifle whizzed out its sharp-singing death-freighted messenger. The men wavered not for an instant; forward—forward they went; plunged into the ditch; waded through the deep water, no longer of muddy hue, but stained crimson with their blood; and commenced to climb the parapet. The foremost line fell, and then the next, and the next. The ground was strewn with the wrecks of humanity, scattered prostrate, silent, where they fell—or rolling under the very feet of the living comrades who swept onward to fill their places.

On, over the piled-up mounds of dead and dying, of wounded and slain, to the mouth of the battery; seizing the guns, bayoneting the gunners at their posts, planting their flag and struggling around it, their leader on the walls sword in hand, his blue eyes blazing, his fair face aglow, his clear voice calling out, "Forward, my brave boys!"—then plunging into the belt of battle before him. Forward it was. They followed him, gained an angle of the fort, and fought where he fell, around his prostate body, over his peaceful heart—shielding its dead silence by their living, pulsating ones—till they too, were strucken down; then hacked, hewn, battered, mangled heroes, yet overcome—the remnant was beaten back.

As the men were clambering up the parapet, their color-servant was shot dead, the colors trailing stained and wet in the dust beside him. Errolde, who was just behind, sprang forward, seized the staff from his dying hand, and mounted it upward. I am not, therefore, astonished at the noise which the Democrats make. What does astonish me, however, is that they find any response from the people whom they have inveigled to within finger's breadth of their ruin of a nation which has been saved in spite of them by fighting against them. Have men so short a memory in the United States? Do they forget so soon a bloody past?

When the South succeeded, when it broke the Union, it was to defend the integrity of the country. The South fought with courageous worthiness of a better cause, but the North displayed an energy during the contest and a moderation after the victory which has awakened the admiration of the whole world. Neither Greece nor Rome can show in their histories so fair and glorious a page. The names of Lincoln of Grant, and Sherman, and their brave compatriots will pass to remote posterity.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism of Lincoln; who invoked foreign mediation; who shouted through every note of the scale that the war was waged for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites, and who, in their hearts, were not ashamed to divide the country.

I repeat, it is you are forgetful in America, in France we are repurchased for our trifling, and justly. But there is a point where we are not guilty of trifling. He who, however he was, who abandoned our country in her day of danger; he who sowed dissension, he who sought to lead strangers to interfere in our civil wars—such a man is always for us an enemy. Not only do we refuse to listen to him, but we never tolerate him. We forgive every other vice, except that of being a traitor.

As far as I am concerned, I do not wish to inquire into the quality of their cause, but I do not believe that it does not belong to me to judge, but it is evident enough that his victory would be that of the Democratic party. It would be the triumph of those who cried out against the despotism